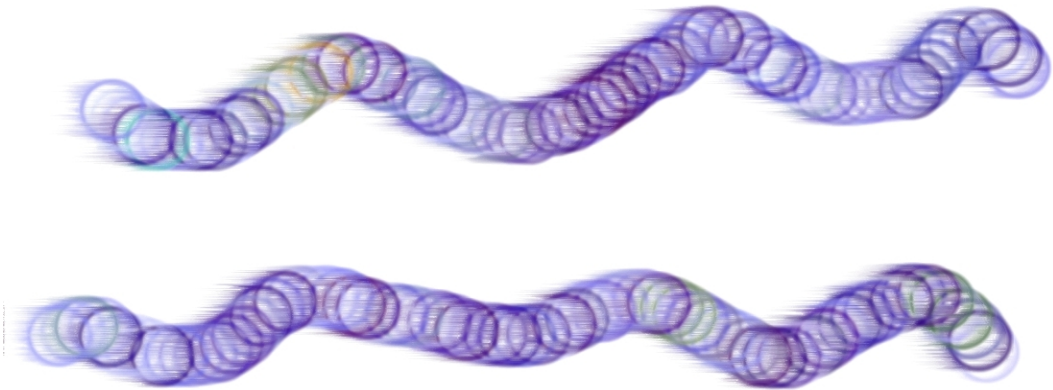


flip book 4

a morsel of material studies



by les wade



this book is dedicated to dennis gattra

press then release press
kranaan@yahoo.com

Q: Do you write yourself?

A: Yeah, every morning, but someone always comes along at night and erases me.

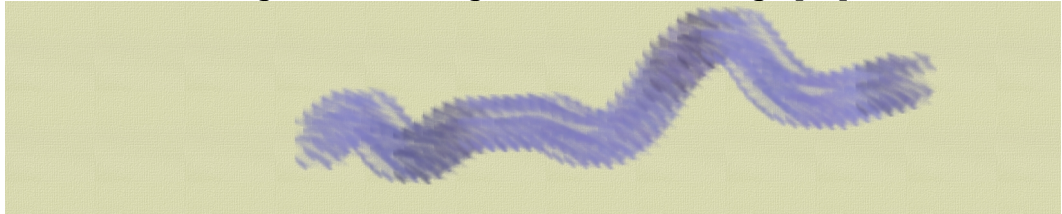
the story may think him back to a long time, the cells become completely dark, always alone, about two meters wide and a one meter life. but life has been busy and a half high, only to sleep—the toys of wood, a world of straw, the brightness of ladders. this means that, and x means y, until the story was, he was always in a darkening cell outlining all people of length of about a meter in width and two and half high. and himself so narrow he thought he could only spend his life in a country of straw, thinking,



"i've leapt through the night," since, in this country, sleep is a flat black mat, hidden under the bed. core of conviction: there is lime in red ocher, chalk in the face, gold foil in the mouth, a well of dark light results in the sun. and how lead is also in the idea of the sun. a volume without old day, a bridge—not an echo, another high speed face, writing the name of the driver. yelling out "garage!" is always a test of strength, but a hercules from clothing is the test of time. words in stone are full of cracks, but the loop is definitely going to be looped.



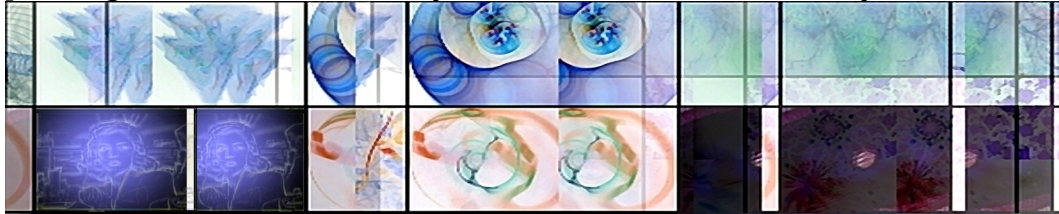
the chalk that composes the face, not as grim as it seems. an interruption of the line in the mythology of cloth, and a white group that can be heard upstairs pulsing in all the little cells. an act of long division in all the stares. a reminder about the "r" of recombination, and the nervous simultaneity of time and tide. it's our first person plural, a slow awareness. driving a word through the mouth. strung opaque



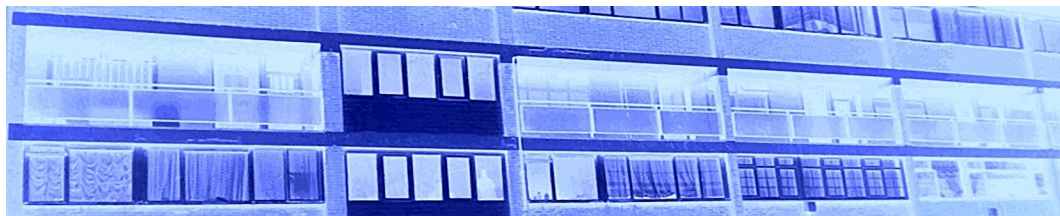
into the thick pose of it. modal meat transmission providing motor meat. moment, or museum? and the way these pictures push the air aside. explanatory frames: set theory fails us. the iron glimpse and long crash it makes until the house is all told out and everyone is again, and whatever is sticking to them. speaking and spreading, they will see you emerge in a small role while you're heading out the door. the mouth is full of ablaut and the streets are full of weather. waft.



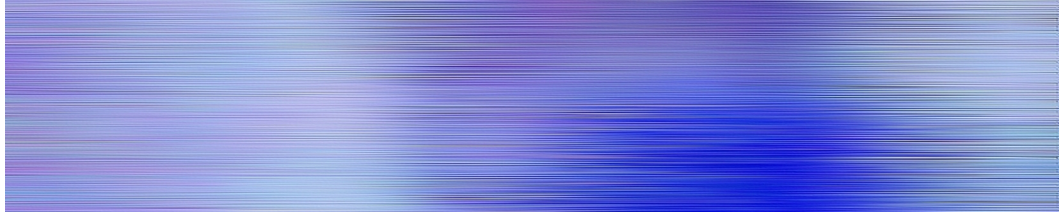
stretched thin. origin from amnesia. from the silk of a name, the weight of a curtain, every syllable rustling. how flat do you want it? the dark is already so vague. correcting quiet and rising on the other side. sticky assertions: the threads of a name. the gray in a photographer's eye to perform the room in my head and expanding. the momentum is shining. a painting of the sun. where do you want it? we sense the body full of



atoms and photos. follow the panorama. the wires of the projection. we can see the mesh on the screen. the photos emaciate us. the status of a gesture. open the colors from promethean yellow to a lack of explanation. the materials on the table. a recording of the outside. the as of. the parallel motion. the friction in cloth. no city can fade. i called air because they are added. how flat do you want ? stacking grids with glue there's always some space left over.



or stories that end...chance of escape. arpeggiated hand from bird design
separate night view mirror gadget command, aimless as walls, open door
and love. our lips are so synchronic. the timing of color. the conditions of
the street. the shadows that stick to paper and the noise that falls from
paper. here the look is too white, too shrieking and overexposed.
stretched to the lead of the idea behind the sun. the author of the lead in
the door, but always so silent. long weekend of a building imploding. i am
sloping away, looking for a face in the crowd that will sing out a danger,



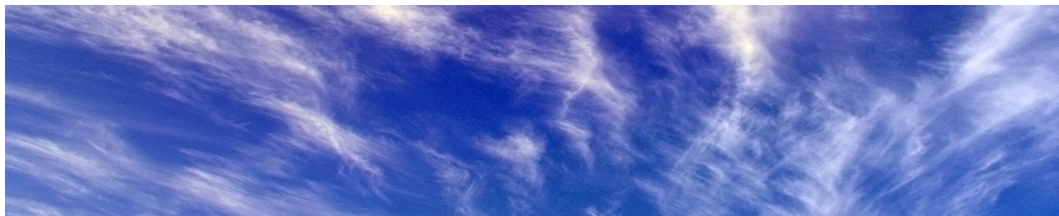
sing out a warning. surprise between long fingers slow faraway chord
flavor of hydrogen and more blue over the looking body, violent wing of
air, but never in one particular place. education must always be so
musical, indicating an electric. stretching all the way from a taste of
ashes to the body in the book, a volume without old day in it. clarity of
glass paint, correct knowledge. solitude for the signal: vers (toward) can
always be mispronounced as verse (a turning), our dawn è mobile. a thin
film to break the machinery. something that is bent with birds.



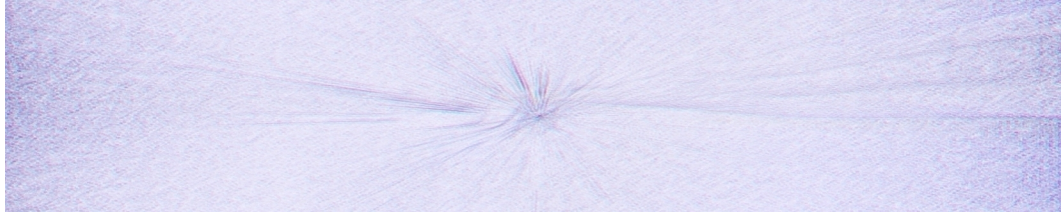
p.s. underground liver or overcooked spinach. can't stop. thinking about tomorrow. can't stop. thinking about whether we will arrive tomorrow. or not. mind the gap. enclosures and lacuna. sloping and starting and how we explode the view. to friction things. o rub-a-dub-dub! and you? and now, back to the play of middle me, slopping sound in trying times. a tin small drive. slant harsh day. a turn sound tongue stand flung song is pale



until it clatters down as dull thread three. green soap throat. do the spine! doin' the swarm! doin' the jerk! doin' it j.b. style! we got a whole list here and this was going to be a preface to a book of spaces—to go down a road, 4 or 5 on the floor. the strength of a refusal, the measure of a joy, all the possibilities of the present in thin pronoun soup, a question of who and a celebration of WHAT! we can't stop. concentrating the time.



p.p.s with all the smoke in chicago, with all the shmexy dancing they do in schenecktky...in schinickticky...in schnichkttk...scchkniktty, i mean in albany. my journey upcountry! a quiet get-away with 2 or 3 thousand of my closest friends. well, nobody likes a tourist. a white lake. and the period here should make a (click!)sound. we all know the sound of speed (click!) her white hand brushing the surface of a white lake (click!) and a blue lake and a blue cloud against a dull sky (click!) and how the sky is



always lifting up from the horizon and the arrows of the landscape point away and why the scene is so full of departure you can hear all the exploding clicks and turns and the space it makes in the pulse and waves in the path of her entire sight on them before all of them behind the walls behind only memories only bells every time in between the folds and the corrugations in between the memory you are calling and the sharp edge of what is called the layer of opal or iris in a different tongue that it still slide down the face and cover the day, anthemic



acknowledgments

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